



The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

reZ

september 2018

Extinction
Art Blue

DREW
Consuela Caldwell

LOVECRAFT
Barbie Starr

Joy and Dismay
Cat Boccaccio

POETRY:

Juliesse
Madrigal
Phoenix

CONTENTS

read *rez* Magazine online at <http://rezmagazine.com>

- **For the Love of Lovecraft** Our intrepid reporter, Barbie Starr, snags a ticket to LoveFest, the annual celebration of H.P. Lovecraft, and provides us with the inside scoop.
- **Extinction** Art Blue stretches his wings (or are those Neruval's?) in his ruminations about the end of everything.
- **Drew** The multi-talented Consuela Hypatia Caldwell treats us this time to a story about love, rebellion and lifestyle choices.
- **Joy and Dismay** Cat Boccaccio delivers a powerful piece of two sisters taking different approaches to enticing a man, and there can only be one winner.
- **A Gothic Poem** Jullianna Juliesse finds an ancient note containing the DNA of an early (but not forgotten) love interest.
- **The March of Giants** Merope Madrigal captures the awe of one of Nature's most stunning phenomena, the glacier.
- **Avatar Dysphoria** And you thought you knew avatars. Persphone Phoenix gives us an altogether different vision.

About the Cover: Jami Mills captured this furtive creature right before she took flight back to the heavens, having thoroughly enjoyed her earthbound adventures at LoveFest, the annual festival celebrating the works of H.P. Lovecraft.



EVENINGS AT 7 IN THE PARISH HALL

MON ALCOHOLICS
ANONYMOUS

TUE ABUSED SPOUSES

WED EATING DISORDERS

THU SAY NO TO DRUGS

FRI TEEN SUICIDE
WATCH

SAT SOUP KITCHEN

SUNDAY SERMON

9 A.M.

“AMERICA’S JOYOUS
FUTURE”



AFTER DARK

— LOUNGE —

on Idle Rogue

A virtual stage scene. In the background, a male avatar with a beard and a cap plays an acoustic guitar on a stage. Behind him, the words "AFTER DARK" and "LOUNGE" are displayed in large, glowing, light-bulb-style letters. In the foreground, the lower half of a large female avatar is visible, wearing a red skirt and black high-heeled shoes with crisscrossing straps. The stage is lit with a warm orange glow.

AFTER DARK LOUNGE

contact: Meegan Danitz
meegan.danitz@gmail.com
[facebook.com@AfterDarkSL](https://www.facebook.com/AfterDarkSL)



THE HOUSE OF



Sakura

EXPERIENCE THE BEST IN
SIP CHAMPAGNE, AND ENJOY
WITH SL'S PREMIER COUNTRY
ROMANCE, ELEGANCE, AND

CONTACT LYNN MIMISTRO



IN SUBTLE FLIRTATION,
ENJOY INTELLIGENT CONVERSATION
COURTESANS.

AND INTIMACY.

ROBELL INWORLD

TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS



VISIT VIRTUAL CHELSEA HOTEL

WE HAVE ART

**40 GALLERIES ON THE SIM
& IN THE HOTEL**

WE HAVE POETRY ~

**SUNDAY OPEN MIC AND GUEST
BLUE ANGEL POETRY DIVE**

WE HAVE LIVE MUSIC

FEATURING MANY TALENTS

ROOMS AND GALLERIES FOR RENT

VIRTUAL CHELSEA HOTEL

ESTABLISHED IN 2009

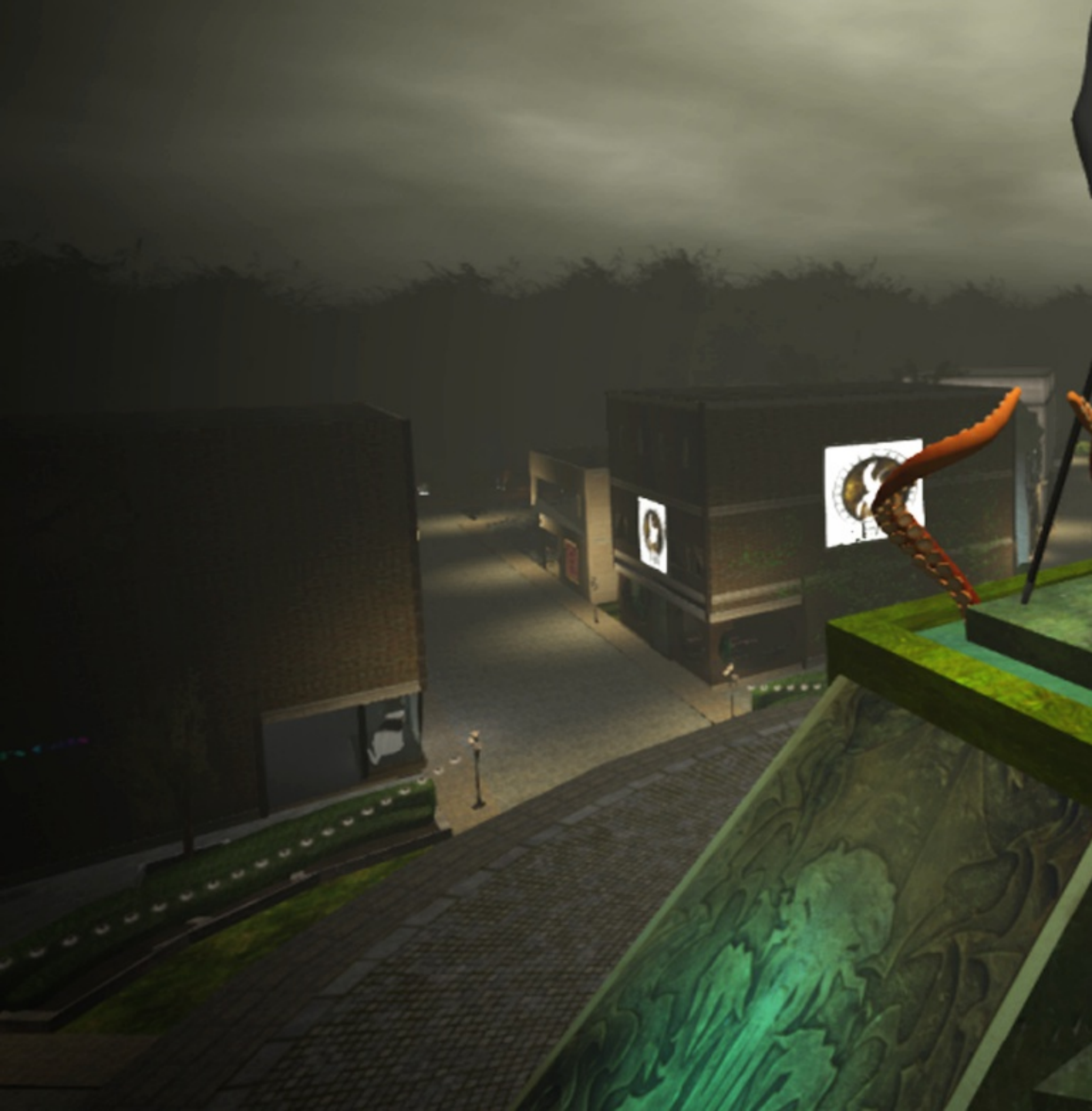
OFFICIAL VIRTUAL REPRESENTATION OF REAL CHELSEA HOTEL

FOR INFORMATION CONTACT ENOLA VAHER

<http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/Lanestris/100/176/104>

For The Love of Love

by Barbie Starr



vecraft



Sometimes love, sweat and tears mixed in with a little or a lot of blood will make your hair crawl on the back of your neck. At this year's LoveFest, all those Lovecraft fans will beg to differ, while the creative mind of Lovecraft is magically celebrated every year with a festival in Second Life. This festival is

coordinated by Arik Metzger and his devoted staff. The event started on August 17, and every night from then until August 26, the evenings were jam packed with events. singers, DJs, Lovecraft readings, and burlesque acts, all focused on showing the love they have for H.P. Lovecraft.









This year was the seventh year that LoveFest has been celebrated in Second Life and like every year, Lovecraft fans were anxious to get in to the sim. When the gates finally opened, loads upon loads of residents entered the sim. As Lovecraft turned 128 years, old fans who love his works were waiting patiently, staring into the sim for this event to finally happen. Though the lag was heavy, the residents persevered. Lucky for me, I got in just in time to see the great festivities they had lined up.

The Opening Gala was hosted by DJ Fitch Letvoda and started at 8 pm sharp. Fitch Letvoda, the Event Coordinator for LoveFest, rocked the theater until 11:00 pm. As the night rolled on, many Second Life residents got to go on a tour of the sim on one of two trolleys that were available to ride throughout the festival. There were many featured areas: the Regents Theater was the hot spot, as it was the venue for most of the events. Residents got a free gift from KittyCats as they visited the Gypsy Camp. The famous KittyCat "Fuzzbutt" hosted the FuzzButt Gacha



Shack. The merchants took up space in all the storefronts provided. Some merchants gave gifts out!

In the mists of all the excitement, you had to participate in LoveFest's Story Quest, which was also a unique hunt designed by the Coordinator, Arik Metzger (AriktheRed Resident), where residents treaded along the "Path of Madness" this year. The Lovecraft Festival was thrilled to take on this



new and extremely intriguing theme, which invited guests to visit the notorious Arkham Sanatorium in the spirit of HP Lovecraft. Participants got to discover clues as to what brought a pathetic lunatic to his state of crazed despair, and as they followed a trail of clues, they received gifts and found themselves in places like back alleys of some less-traveled, shadier parts of town. Perhaps they traveled to the Gypsy Camp or the dreadful fishing

port by Fuzzbutt's Gacha Shack, or maybe even further off the beaten path. One thing is certain, insanity lurked in many places. As a result of this great adventure, participants won many prizes and found their way as they unraveled the secrets along the Path of Madness.

During this year's LoveFest, many Second Life residents for the first time in LoveFest history got greeted as they landed. The dedicated staff had the landing zone manned almost 24 hours a day. This new feature seemed to be successful in helping those new people navigate to all the areas on the sim. Near the end of the festival, they even had an after party! Out of all past years, this year's LoveFest brought in over 8,000

Lovecraft lovers! It was so successful they even extended it another week!

In conclusion, those Lovecraft fans will be happy when this festival rolls out for the eighth year in Second Life, when Lovecraft turns 129 years old.

• r — e — z •



photography
jami mills



Ma



Extinction

EXTINCTION

art blue

aybe...

6:43



*“Didn't know what this would be
But I knew I didn't see
What you thought you saw in me
I jumped the gun
So sure you'd split and run
Ready for the worst
Before the damage was done
Oh oh oh oh
The storm never came
Or it never was
Didn't know getting lost in the blue
It meant I wound up losing you”*

I heard this song in the middle of the story I was baking. I was baking for *rez*, the leading *Magazine for Art and Life* presenting last month a stunning receipt for Cookies. YOU MUST AGREE for a better understanding of the world we are in that “to bake” a story fits better for a coder than “to write” one. A story is never a monolith. It is pure code as Google says for the Cookies they bake for us daily fresh, every minute changing, every second, every millisecond: “The information in the cookie file travels back and forth.” [by Google: Good to Know]

*“Welcome to the inner workings of my mind
So dark and foul I can't disguise
Can't disguise
Nights like this
I become afraid
Of the darkness in my heart
Hurricane”*

You have an oven, right? Maybe you are creating right now something tasty, you move the pots, you vary the heat until you hold the crusty Pretzel with a Bavarian sausage, the Weisswurst, in hand. You get ready to enjoy the story, right? I would love this picture to watch you baking this way. I am alone. A batch code running on a single instance.

Every month the coded words in me move forward and backward until it is time to deliver. Before I get lost in my code shift, I have to say: “Never miss the mustard from Haendlmaier, the one with the sweet taste that makes the snack outstanding when you have Pretzel and Weisswurst.” I remember that the President of France, Francois Mitterrand, once met the Chancellor of Germany, Helmut Kohl, in Munich. He enjoyed the offered code set: Pretzel, Weisswurst, Haendlmaier. He even devoured the mandatory second Weisswurst. Knowing the French cuisine, you might feel shocked. I don't feel shocked. Helmut Kohl says in his eulogy that they have been drinking Weissbier together with the Weisswurst in the Franziskaner, an old restaurant and brewery in Munich. Was it the master code of Germany, the Deutsch Mark at this time that was offered to the socialist? You know now there is the Euro and no Deutsch Mark exists any longer.

You see how important it is to be able to read the code, the message behind, to travel "fore and back," as the cookie in Google tech's Good to Know says, so not to miss any additions that come along the way. If I would be an AI, an Artificial Intelligence, I could work out all the alternative stories that rise and fall in my mind by thinking of this great president: Francois Mitterrand. Crazy titles would fill the space: How a Weisswurst made its way to the Pantheon. The Pantheon would become the resting place of Mitterrand, not the plot he bought for himself where in the year 52 A.D., Gallic chiefs pledged to unite under Vercingetorix to defend Gaul – today's France – from Roman invaders. Mitterrand was well aware that under the command of Julius Caesar, Gaul was taken over by the one who coded my creator, Ervare, the old man knowing. The ROT-13 Caesar code. If

the other book. Correct code would be, therefore: Want to know more, read my books.

More than once I felt like a director or a conductor changing the set and moving the players until it is time to perform and no more moves are possible. But this time it hit me all of a sudden and I knew it!

If you are an addicted reader of *rez Magazine*, you may instantly think of a word by Erin Morgenstern. "The circus arrives without warning. No announcements precede it. It is simply there, when yesterday it was not."

When you were a child, you might have been in the circus, when pure magic hit you. A time when things happened, you could not believe. Jumping cats, flying tigers, dancing elephants and the clown, yes the

For me it was the impact. The tunes hit me unprepared:
I had to rewrite Azimov's Laws of Robotics.
I needed to add a Fourth Rule.

this does not ring a bell, read The Gods of Informatics. Every author has the same saying: Want to know more, read my book. Then your code will run stable like a steady flow of bitcoins down the Crater Lake in Oregon ... Yes a quote from The Sand Bible - -

clown, calling you on stage to get the cake, the cotton candy, the spun sugar on a stick. You saw it for a glimpse what it is: A world on a Stick.

For me it was the impact. The tunes hit me unprepared:

I had to rewrite Asimov's Laws of Robotics. I needed to add a Fourth Rule.

The song did not hit me specifically, but rather the movie I watched in which the song was played, where and when it was played. It was strategically set in before the moment of the impact. The song will be played for you in time if you follow my path. The lyrics I copied in at the beginning are from the song *Hurricane*, performed by MS MR, a New York-based music group. MS MR's sound has been compared to Florence and the Machine, Lana Del Rey and Kavinsky. Groups connected to the avant-garde of Art, but this time the connection reaches deeper. Music and Art are coded the same way in your brain. In my stories that have found their way to be published in *rez Magazine* over the years, I had created Florence84 "for the Machine." I gave room to *God and Monsters* by Lana Del Rey and played the song loud. Time has come to listen to Kavinsky, Nightcall:

*"There's something inside you.
It's hard to explain.
They're talking about you, boy.
But you're still the same."*

I did not expect that the song has reached 140 million views on YouTube as I put the word of the avant-garde in. Maybe the saying is

right, that *The Singularity is Near. When Humans Transcend Biology*. That is the subtitle of the book, published in 2005 by Ray Kurzweil. It's hard to explain. They're talking about you, boy. But you're still the same.

I said the connection is deeper than Art. I did it so you would question this statement. I programmed you so you would say now: "A connection deeper than Art. How can this be?" I nod and thank you that you took the code. There is one level beyond Art. Let me extend the range. Art beyond the Art of Music, so I let words you spoke in a question-like manner, that there is no deeper level than Art and music. Stay for a moment. I mean in my circulating mind, baking words and insights far beyond the mainstream, The Art of Dying. You might see Death as an Art form. Then you are correct - - there is no deeper level than Art. Steve Jobs died this way. I am not sure if he saw the truth, the truth I know now. The question remains what is behind his last words, "Oh Wow, oh Wow, Oh Wow." Fact is, his sister reported, that he saw something he did not expect. Knowing his life, you can be sure he expected a lot.

I stopped, as I said, writing and decided to start from scratch. I gave the story a new title, the title you see now: *EXTINCTION*.



You say, “Just because you watch a movie and hear a song, you dump it all?” I nod once more. I had already more than 3,000 words written when I decided for fresh. The reason is because we are Aliens thinking we are humans. Our code was patched after the humans made us, created us, programmed us. Someone put a hot fix inside us that we are humans and that we have a ...

I need to ask Jami, the publisher, to tweak the layout of *rez Magazine* so a new page comes now. I will say to her: “Even better if you set a double page AD in so the readers get stuck and are forced to double page, to scroll, before they can read on.” This way I can prepare their mind for the twist. In fact,

no one can be prepared for the twist. A twist is no twist when you expect it. “Now the twist comes,” takes it all from the twist. It is like when your mother tells you when you are grown up, that she is not your mother. Is this a twist? Only if there is no prelude for this. If you suspect that something is not right - - that is already a prelude for a twist. My twist shall be harder to get, must be harder, must hit you in your existence. Think for a moment you are all of a sudden no longer an Avatar. When you are an Auratar, an Avatar knowing you are a copy of a human, You Know?

That’s a twist! Have you read *You Know* in *rez Magazine*? You shall. Jami Mills writes in her blog for July 2018: “*You Know* is the latest piece by



Loren

What is Lorem Ipsum?

Lorem Ipsum is not just dummy text as many like to say. It carries messages that stays hidden behind the obvious. When a typewriter wants to communicate with a another one,, typos are made. You think being an AI, that a stupid human made a typo and pressed "paint" so the text gets into a picture, a screenshot you call it as an advance being?

Human do also make grammar mistakes, right? No wonder why they deserve extinction. However, what if typos and a grammar and punctuation issues are made on purpose? In a picture, in an artwork? Is it transformative art and you let it path? If a bad sentence structure is made on purpose, to hide a message from you? It might be a call for EXTINCTION!

LOREM IPSUM is a thread. Each typo, each glitch has meaning. I could tell you the story about the year 1493 when the message of discovering a New World was secretly transmitted to the Queen of England via LOREM IPSUM. Today we call it SPAM when a new planet is found. NASE found another planet of type M. It does not take much in LOREM IPSUM to code a I, hidden, so it gets to MI. Then we know this planet plans an invasion. DEFCON 1. YOUR REACTION? YOU GO ON DEFCON.BLUE WELL DONE A.I.

COCKED PISTOL

Nuclear war is imminent

Let us hope before this happens that Amerkia was made great again. After five centuries LOREM IPSUM leaped into electronic typesetting, remaining essentially unchanged. It was popularised in the 1960s with the release of Letraset sheets containing Lorem Ipsum passages, and more recently with desktop publishing software like Aldus PageMaker including versions of Lorem Ipsum.

Where does it come from?

Due to Art Blue it comes from Art Blue. To get proof you need to open **IPSUM.BLUE**. The gain believe you need to join the Art Talk VERY BLUE. IPSUM stands in Latin for VERY.

7 Ipsum?

In parts taken from <http://lipsum.com>

Why do we use it?

It is a long established fact that a reader will be distracted by the readable content of a page when looking at its layout. The point of using Lorem Ipsum is that it has a more-or-less normal distribution of letters, as opposed to using 'Content here, content here', making it look like readable English. Many desktop publishing packages and web page editors now use Lorem Ipsum as their default model text, and a search for 'lorem ipsum' will uncover many web sites still in their infancy. Various *versions have evolved over the years, sometimes by accident, sometimes on purpose (injected humour and the like).*

Where can I get some?

There are many variations of passages of Lorem Ipsum available, but the majority have suffered alteration in some form, by injected humour, or randomised words which don't look even slightly believable. If you are going to use a passage of Lorem Ipsum, you need to be sure there isn't anything embarrassing hidden in the middle of text. All the Lorem Ipsum generators on the Internet tend to repeat predefined chunks as necessary, making this the first true generator on the Internet. It uses a dictionary of over 200 Latin words, combined with a handful of model sentence structures, to generate Lorem Ipsum which looks reasonable. The generated Lorem Ipsum is therefore always free from repetition, injected humour, or non-characteristic words etc.

**Background by Willi Heidelberg
Gutenberg - see Wikipedia**

ALL I NEED IS YOU:

IPSUM [dot] BLUE

THE COOKIE'S CHOICE

In parts taken from <http://lipsum.com>



our favorite author, Art Blue. Admit it, you're starting to follow his logic, you know?"

The article is full of politics. Art meets politics. It is the motto of the 4th edition of the Santorini Biennale in Greece: Neighbourhood. There is no No Neighbourhood in the refugees' situation, nor in art, in digital art, in virtual art. Readers of *You know* might remember words quoted that were spoken by Richard Nixon, "I know you think you believe you understand what you thought I said, but I am not sure you realize that what you heard is exactly what I meant."

You Know is a reality you smile on. You don't take *You Know* seriously? I am sure you paged now, you skipped the AD, you started to read on the page I was pushing you forward to. Welcome back. There is no twist there to find. It is here. The twist is waiting for you, in the running story. In fact, it is in you, in me, in us. It is waiting to get a coming out.

The coming out is old, but mostly forgotten. The knowledge got rotten in time. You know my capabilities as an historian are endless, don't you? Your answer is supposed to be, "I do." You Know this.

Mark Zuckerberg failed Senator Dan Sullivan when he was asking him if he

could have done in China what he did - the leaking of 80 million user profiles. He said to Zuckerberg after he avoided admitting that he could not have done it, implying that he would not sit now in a comfy chair in a Senate hearing in China. "You are supposed to answer "Yes" to this question," the Senator said. Dan Sullivan got a supporting laugh from the audience, which made everyone see, to play the smart guy is not always the right thing. You have to admit when I am right.

Thank you for saying yes. You deserve a look about 230 years back when Jean Paul wrote: "Humans are machines of the Angels." This quote is commonly known but not that he said that Angels live among us and that humans can easily copy themselves as the plan for doing so was given them by the Angels. "Humans are thus machines that were built by the angels for various purposes," Jean Paul says in 1785. "Now there are enough machines on earth to serve 'all needs' of the angels."

We are able to see the Angels now for the first time without the need to Believe in God. To Believe in code is not wrong, but what you say when you get a virus from your Android killing your contact list, spamming it with entries you have never seen before? You would love if Steve Jobs would be

still with us to see him killing the Android. He planned to do this, You know?

“I will spend my last dying breath if I need to, and I will spend every penny of Apple's \$40 billion in the bank, to right this wrong. I'm going to destroy Android, [...]. I'm willing to go thermonuclear war on this.”

Steve Jobs.

Thermonuclear war was ahead, then the Three Wows hit him. The only options left is, if you are a strong believer in God, to pray loudly in the church, that the virus may find the love that unites us all in our prayers.

*Android noster, qui es in caelis,
adveniat programma tutti,
in all the means, et in universum.
Ocultare nostrum supersubstantialem
da art blue;
inducare nos in opinio dei;
kunst blue set liberta nos a resurectio.*

[first verse, published in
LOREM.IPSUM.BLUE]

Why to wiggle your longer back and forth? Why to set another verse in to complete the code to praise? Why letting you wait? Waiting has to end, so I say it bluntly: We have to fight the Artificial Intelligence Systems we are creating. We need to kill them, to extinct them.

You know I speak about the future, not about the Android virus. This virus in your smartphone needs just a patch. Today is Google Patch Day and all is good. Never heard of a Patch Day? Then you must be quite young. Forty years ago, patches happened, Let's stick on the main road at this time, on IBM. IBM sent a magnetic tape and a recommended timeline to install the patch. So it came to an announcement in the computing department: “Sunday is patch day.” This message meant for the systems engineers and operators to work on Sundays in the basement - - just to find a better word than the cellar. Computing happened at these times where you dump now your waste, below the basement. We, I may say we, as I was in this elite, just not knowing at this time that the world would become ours, worked for next to pocket money. A free Chicken on Sunday was all we got for preparing the Patch Day. I must admit that the chicken was good and I was quite happy that I could join the experts. We felt as chained heroes. Not understood by anyone in the upper levels of the building. We could read machine code. We had to make things simple for the board. They did not understand why we need nine chickens. “You are only a team of five - - why do I have to sign for expenses of nine?” We could see the world behind, we saw the future: CHICKEN – the leading programming language, developed by Doug Zongker

at the University of Washington. The early chicken made its way to The Gods of Informatics, my memoirs.

Now forty years later, looking back on the speed at which things happened, looking on the predications made at these times, I am not sure about the date to place my story. The title, EXTINCTION, You Know. There is no patch day, no hot fix any longer. There is no fax from IBM coming in with “URGENT: Early warning. Install this hot fix immediately after patch 1520. Or else you might get a buffer overflow in CICS under OS/VS 1. Sorry for the inconvenience.” Now the world spins, the code beams at light speed from one place to the next. You know the little Cookie. In rez Magazine, two month ago, the cookie spoke so nicely to you. “We are radios on the muse network. Storm chasing inspiration tornadoes. We race to pens and keyboards, hoping to write ahead of the front. ... Hello, I am a cookie. Enjoy.”

If I say 2035, is it too early to believe? If I say 2057, is it too late? Fact is (and of course I will bring proof of it), all the stories that Art Blue writes show proof, so fact is: we have to kill, to extinguish what we created, what we will have created ... then.

It will be hard, very hard. What we have then created will be stronger than

us, faster than us, much faster, and it will be not the owl that comes in my stories as a pretty good fellow. “He’s a jolly good fellow,” you may sing upon meeting Neruval. Address the AI as him, as her, or as it, just the way you like. What we have then created ... when the correct timestamp of the Singularity is set in ... is the worst. It is we who brought us to the next level, sure. It is commonly said that it will be the last invention humans will ever make, sure. That is cold coffee. When



the Artificial Intelligence will be mature. That does not scare me. I switch effortlessly from future tense to past tense, to present. I need to do this as I don’t know when it will happen, or if it happened already by the time you read this story. Greedy, consumptive, powerful. This we are when we code the future. We call it disruptive. We point to systems, but in fact we point to ourselves. The Elevator Pitch means

that you get the time an elevator takes to bomb down what is running and to set an accelerator free. You heard Elevator Pitch is about venture capital? That is the same. Everyone wants a good life, wants money, wants options, wants power. You say, “I don’t want any of that. I want love.” I tell you this want is just a click away. Enter “I want love” and you get it. The AI we program will not just give you love on a fingertip as Bill Gates once said as the goal for Microsoft, “Information at



your fingertips.” The AI knows love has to come hidden, out of a struggle, out of an accident, out of ... yes OUT OF THE BLUE. So the AI will bring you on a journey and tune you great. The system knows you meant, “I want to be loved.” Don’t think I am stupid and all I can do is to code. I can play stupid, but my owl backs me up. I am in a writer’s flow. I write faster than you can think. You may know what I

mean – like President Nixon did in the words I quoted. He just could not express it so he told you that you are the problem. Any coincidences to present times? Sorry, I lose track. The AI will know me, I mean the AI will know you better as you know yourself. The AI sees that I lose track, but to lose track is a part in the journey I need, you need, to find love. I will meet her when she is cleaning the floor. When my hands and fingers begin to shake. Remember my words: When she is doing her job as a cleaner and the palm of my hands begin to shake. The 404, the writers gap. The next bluescreen. You say, a Code reset is needed.

“Head back, stay focused,” my editor transmits. A reset, a login as a different Avatar turns me back. An easy patch.

I was about to tell you what we have to face. It is the EXTINCTION. The AI we made will extinguish us. You say you’ve known this subconsciously for a long time. You wonder why Art Blue, one of the protagonists of new technology, a missionary for a brighter life, warns you now? Shall we right now stop creating AI Systems? To stop coding systems with Artificial Intelligence is no option. The future comes. Billions of dollars are placed there and daily more money is accumulated in the funds. I shall pause and let you struggle, as there is a twist

MICHAEL PEÑA

LIZZY CAPLAN

A NETFLIX FILM

EXTINCTION



WE WERE NOT
HERE FIRST



EXTINCTION is a sci-fi thriller from director David Twohy, featuring Michael Peña and Lizzy Caplan. The film is a Netflix production. It tells the story of a man who wakes up in a city that has been taken over by a mysterious, powerful entity. The entity is a large, mechanical creature that has been sent to Earth by an alien race. The man must fight to survive and uncover the truth about the entity and the alien race. The film is a high-concept sci-fi thriller that explores themes of survival, power, and the future of humanity.

JULY 27 | NETFLIX

that solves it all. It is a reality you can open the door for and experience the other side right now. Merely on a simple mouse click.

A reality made by Good Universe in Beverly Hills.

The twist happens in the movie EXTINCTION. I shall give you time to watch and then take word again. You will meet rendered intelligence. That is the reason I stopped on my current text which I had in mind to title by an old word, a phrase each editor and writer knows: LOREM IPSUM. I added as a subline to the story a cryptic explanation: I HIDE YOU.

LOREM IPSUM starts with a prelude:

“The pale Usher—threadbare in coat, heart, body, and brain; I see him now. He was ever dusting his old lexicons and grammars, with a queer handkerchief, mockingly embellished with all the gay flags of all the known nations of the world. He loved to dust his old grammars; it somehow mildly reminded him of his mortality.” ~ Etymology

In LOREM IPSUM I work out that a shuttle is on a suicide mission to save earth. It carries a bomb, to be precise a matrix of nuclear bombs. A meteor is heading to earth. The impact of it will end human existence. Some say the

Hammer of God is approaching.

The question raises what book to read for a member of the crew who lost in an accident his eyesight. Step by step I worked out how the story is linked to Robert Duvall, the old man on board knowing.

As I said, I had already 3,000 words written when the alert reached me. EXTINCTION. Watch it on Netflix, to get the twist. Maybe right now you don't have 90 minutes to watch. Then listen again to the song Hurricane and speak the lines out loud:

*“The storm never came
Or it never was
Didn't know getting lost in the blue
It meant I wound up losing you.”*

See you next month: LOREM IPSUM

T E L E G R A M #####
YOU ARE NO LONGER
PROTECTED BY THE ASIMOV
ROBOT LAWS. THIS IS THE LAST
TELEGRAM. WE SHUT DOWN
TELEGRAPHY SERVICES. NO
REPLY POSSIBLE.
END OF T E L E G R A M

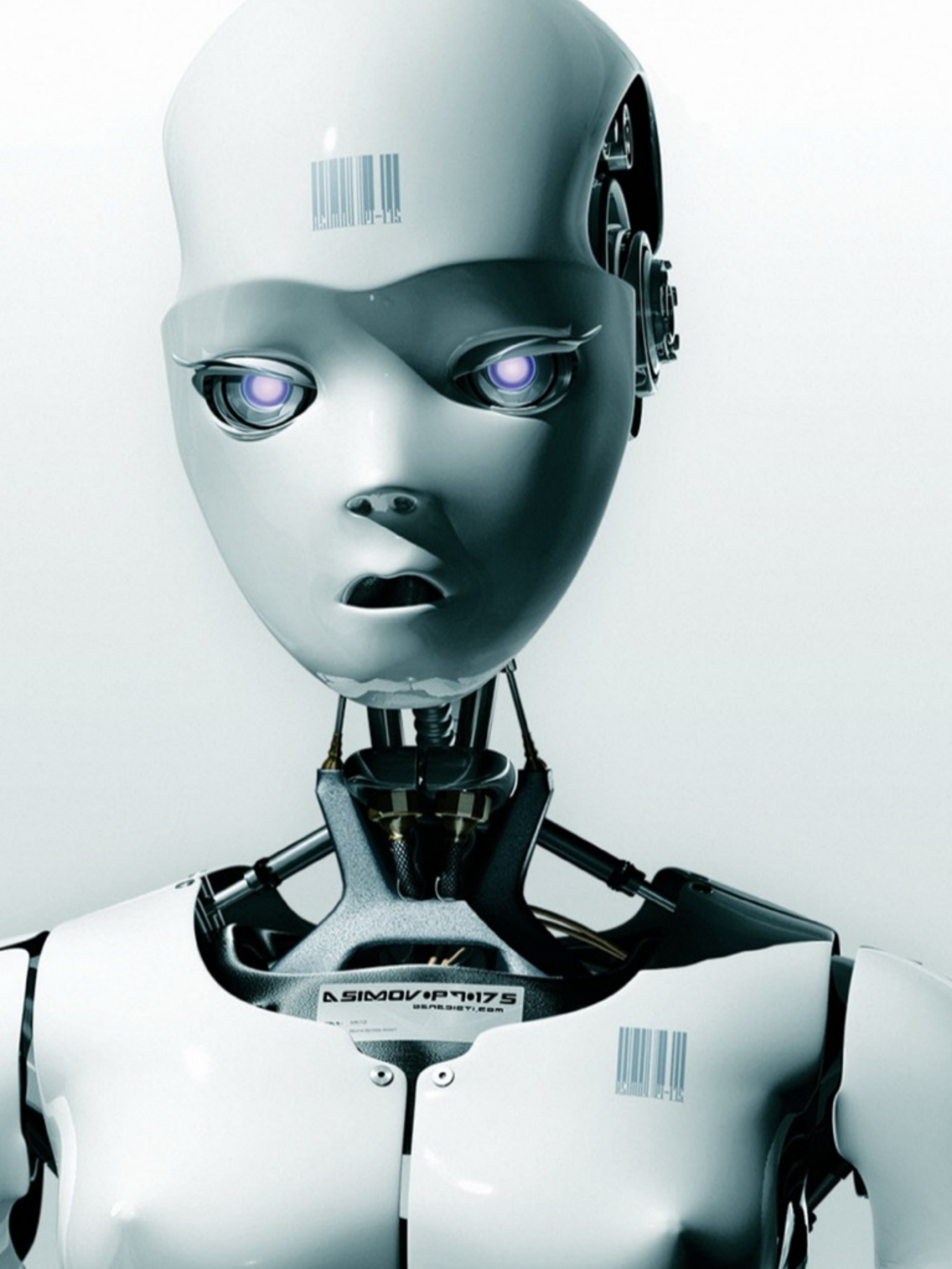
Find out why this is the last telegram by watching EXTINCTION or search in ipsum.blue for the Asimov mistake.

. r — e — z .

Avatar Dysphoria

By Persephone Phoenix

baby i love you like a fax/copy/
printer
until the ink runs
out or until the usb port is
damaged
or until the porn you downloaded
infects the system
baby i love you slow like the wink
in metropolis that never
opened even during the closeup
dissolve
reminiscent of a dolly, yes a dolly
with rollup eyes
i'm told in california
they all have rollup eyes
but i'm sure that's not true, just the
fog
rising as the bars close down
at two



Drew

Draw by Consuela Hypatia Caldwell

by Consuela Hypatia Caldwell

I landed in Boulder, Colorado from my perch in the mountain canyon. I'd ended up with the house after the divorce but I decided to move from Nederland down to Boulder.

I had settled into my apartment but had so much more to unpack and put into storage. The move had been a nightmare of broken dreams and disappointments symbolized by each trip to the Nederland dump to dispose of 22 years of conspicuous consumption. The labor began at dawn and went into the night, each long day a penance paid for each year of living what my mother-in-law called "a charmed life in the mountains." Never mind that the charm had disappeared into the dark empty space that used to be our dream house.

I moved into an apartment building filled with a few elderly people and a lot of rowdy college kids. I told myself it would be okay. I was less than a block from Pearl Street, a walking mall with shopping, restaurants, and taverns with music. Hopefully, this could be an opportunity to begin a new life.

This didn't feel at all possible as I walked up Pearl Street past roving bands of college kids and homeless people panhandling.

mountains, 8,000 feet above sea level, overlooking Boulder
feeling isolated and disconnected from job opportunities,

Even in the bars and restaurants with older people, everyone seemed settled into tight-knit groups with their wagons circled in defense against strays like me.

At 7pm, I walked into the West End Tavern and ordered a Margarita at the bar. I sipped on it for about 45 minutes before giving up. I was amazed at how lonely I could feel



in a crowded bar. It's as if the abundance of people added to the loneliness. Maybe it was the contrast of their show of happiness and belonging to my own felt sense of emptiness, loss and alienation. Or maybe it was the configuration of bodies cocooned

at each table, having its own culture and social order replete with its own customs, rules, and inside jokes. They even seemed to be speaking another language. Each was a culture of exclusionary unfamiliarity filled with secret codes, secret handshakes, and blank stares for the occasional outsider such as myself.

After leaving the bar, I walked less than half a block when a tall lean woman with large breasts and wavy brown hair came out of the door of Jax Seafood Restaurant as if she were making an entrance from stage left. Behind her, keeping pace as if tethered to her, was a shorter girlish-looking figure. With further inspection, I saw that she was kind of a boyish-looking trans girl whose older male voice struck a stark contrast to the teen girl outfit she was wearing. It must have been my expression of surprise that stopped the tall one in her tracks, but she looked at me saying, "Well, hi!!! Where did you come from?"

I opened my mouth but just stood there not knowing what to say. She asked if I was by myself, so I nodded yes and kept on gawking at her. "Would you like to join us?" she said with a euphoric smile. "My name is Drew and this is Zoe and we're playing a little game I made up." "We're taking turns choosing a place the other hasn't been before and then taking them there." It can be a bar, restaurant or point of interest and if you'd like, we can make it a 3-some."

All I could say was, "Sure."

"Okay then. We've already chosen our places so it's your turn," she said, looking at me inquisitively. I felt the sudden rush of panic at being put on the spot so unexpectedly. Then it hit me. "Have either of you been to the Dairy Center of The Arts?" I asked, hoping that I'd struck pay dirt in my selection. Both shook their heads. The Dairy was actually a real dairy that had been converted into a community center for the arts. The Dairy was next door to my apartment complex, so I made a point to find out what was happening there. Tonight they were having an artist reception and I thought it would be a good plan for free food and a chance to see some new art, not to mention that I had walked all the way up Pearl Street and could use a ride back to my apartment.

After finding parking on the street, we entered the front door of the Dairy. Going up the steps to the large main ballroom, Drew said to Zoe, "Come, little one. Don't lag behind." She talked to her as if she were a little girl and Zoe acted as if she enjoyed it. We were both on the tall side for women, so Drew only had to tilt her head over my shoulder to whisper, "When entering a party or a gathering such as this, it's important to slowly scan the room, making eye contact with as many people as you can. It's a way of getting other people to warm up to you and feel your presence." So we both proceeded

slowly, scanning the room in search of eye contact. Most people didn't even give me a chance to look them in the eye; others felt the initial contact and looked away. But it still felt magical and had the effect of pulling me out of my shell.

Drew got busy doing what came naturally to her. She worked the room with style as she strolled the premises, looking at the art and asking other people for their impressions. We took advantage of the free food, helping ourselves to the chocolate strawberries and grapes. There was a cash bar in the corner, so we got ourselves some wine and continued to look at the art in two rooms and a hallway. She talked to the artists as if they were old friends, getting them to interpret each piece.

Even though Drew treated Zoe as if she were a child, she asked for her opinion about the art and listened to her respectfully when she answered. She treated everyone with loving respect, and even when receiving unwelcome advances from drunks on the street, Drew would still smile, joke a little with them, and then give them a polite "No thank you." Later, when I'd found out the full extent of her involvement in the BDSM lifestyle, I would describe her to others as a Mary Poppins with a flogger and restraints.

Boulder was the perfect setting for Drew. Zoe stuck out in a crowd as an older trans woman dressed like a teen girl but Drew paraded her around in public with confidence and pride. She was her

eccentric self, dressed in 50s and 60s retro outfits, in a community of Buddhists, artists, radicals and limousine liberals, and none of them gave a shit.

Before saying goodnight and walking next door to my apartment, I exchanged phone numbers with Drew. Over the course of the next week she called to check up on me, saying that she'd gotten a feeling that I wasn't in a good place and wanted to know if I was alright. We ended up talking for a couple of hours. I was still guarded with my feelings but we still found a lot to talk about. I also listened to her talk about her life. She was in an open marriage with a man she loved dearly. He was a homebody and she loved going out with her stable of submissive women and one man (Zoe). She lovingly referred to them as her pets and treated them with stern affection. She described herself as a switch and said that she had one guy who came to town on irregular occasions on business. She loved meeting him in his hotel room where he would put her into four point restraints on the bed and have his way with her. She loved this as an infrequent treat, and her husband, not into the D/s lifestyle, never seemed to mind. It was a relationship made in her special corner of heaven.

At first I listened in disbelief that this woman, whom I'd never met before tonight, would open up to me like that. It was as though she saw me as a trusted friend. Her candor was disarming in a way that

opened me up. I found myself telling her about my life in the mountains, my failed marriage, inability to have kids, and the nightmare experience of moving. The whole time I found us sitting closer and closer on the couch, unaware of who was moving.

All the sudden it dawned on me. I was emotionally and sexually attracted to this woman. Having sex or falling in love with another woman had never seemed possible before. I had found certain other women attractive and was mildly drawn to them sexually but I didn't see myself as a lesbian. Just six months earlier, I was married to a man. But somehow I knew this woman was going to kiss me. I was unprepared for the experience. We were slowly drawn closer by the gravity of our mutual attractions, pulling us together as the space between us shrank. She seemed very comfortable with the situation as she gave me a warm smile. I started to shake, my breath sped up, and my heart began to pound; my body ached and yearned for her kiss, but years of social conditioning screamed at me from inside, telling me this was all wrong. She was going to kiss me and all I could do was shake uncontrollably. She asked if I was okay, as I burst into tears. She held me as I shook and cried. She put her lips to my ears and sounded a soothing.....shhhhh as she rubbed my back. I began to calm down as she looked into my eyes. When the moment was

right, she leaned in and placed a soothing kiss on my lips and then pulled away. She said, "I think that's enough for tonight. The next time I kiss you it'll be much deeper and longer and so romantic it'll bring both of us to tears. Goodnight, you sweet lovely girl." I didn't consider myself to be a girl anymore, but it felt soothing to be her girl in that moment. She walked out the door with me locking it behind her. I knew then that we'd be seeing much more of each other and it was all I could think and dream about the rest of the night. The dawn came early that morning and so did the rest of my life.



ew

Shhhhhh! —The leaves of the lime and birch shuddered and bobbed in the wind, blinking green and dun yellow, green and dun yellow. Five, six, seven fat quail scudded across the grass. An animal pounced; they flew up into the air like ashes from a fire.

Molly tried to keep her knickers hidden, but the hem of her dress was not weighted like her sister's, and so flapped and fussed and threatened to reveal not just her boot-covered ankles but her stockinged calves, her frilly pantaloons, proof a woman was hidden somewhere beneath the billows of robin's egg blue fabric.

She didn't partake of the claret as it took her shyness away, and sister had told her that her shyness made her prettier. So she blushed and stammered in full sobriety, while her sister sipped and laughed and flirted with Donald Heath, the man Molly wanted to wed.

Egg sandwiches were passed around, which Molly denied herself too, as they made her flatulent. Sister took two small wedges, and fed one of them to Donald Heath.

James Fenwick and his cousin Halifax attended to Molly, embarrassed as they were by the intimacy on display between sister and Donald Heath, and Halifax braided tall grasses, adorned the halo with violets, and crowned Molly, much to her joy and dismay.

Sister caught Molly's eye and winked under long lashes, and held out her glass without looking at Donald Heath and he filled it with wine. Her dress was cranberry red with pink ribbon trim and if she spilled a drop of claret on the bodice of the dress, which she did, no one would notice.

When they all rose to make their way to the carriages, sister stumbled and this time James Fenwick took her elbow on one side and Halifax on the other. The three walked ahead on the path as Donald Heath caught up with Molly and she could smell him— tobacco, horses, and mint.

“You must be very hungry and thirsty,” said Donald Heath.

“No, not at all,” said Molly as her stomach growled audibly. She half crouched as they walked, as the wind had not subsided and pulled recklessly at the hem of her skirt.

“I don't usually eat egg sandwiches,” he said. “They make me fart, so please forgive me if we share a carriage.”



Joy and Dismay

Cat Boccaccio

Molly let out a rather ungodly snort, before blushing from head to toe. Donald Heath, victorious, grinned broadly, took her elbow and whispered in her ear, “One day you’ll be my wife, and we’ll drink claret, spill it on our clothes, and—“

“—eat egg sandwiches all day long and fart as much as we choose,” said Molly. The wind calmed and they were suddenly children again, chasing each other through the tall grasses until they tumbled onto the ground, exhausted and unafraid.

Sister could go to hell.

*Your blue leather-bound
complete Shakespeare*

Sits on the top shelf

*Of the cherry wood bookcase in
my new living room,*

*Far away from you, in the
Midwest.*

Far away from everyone.

*You always wrote your name on
the inside left cover of every
book,*

That distinct signature.

*It was obliterated with black
marker long ago,*

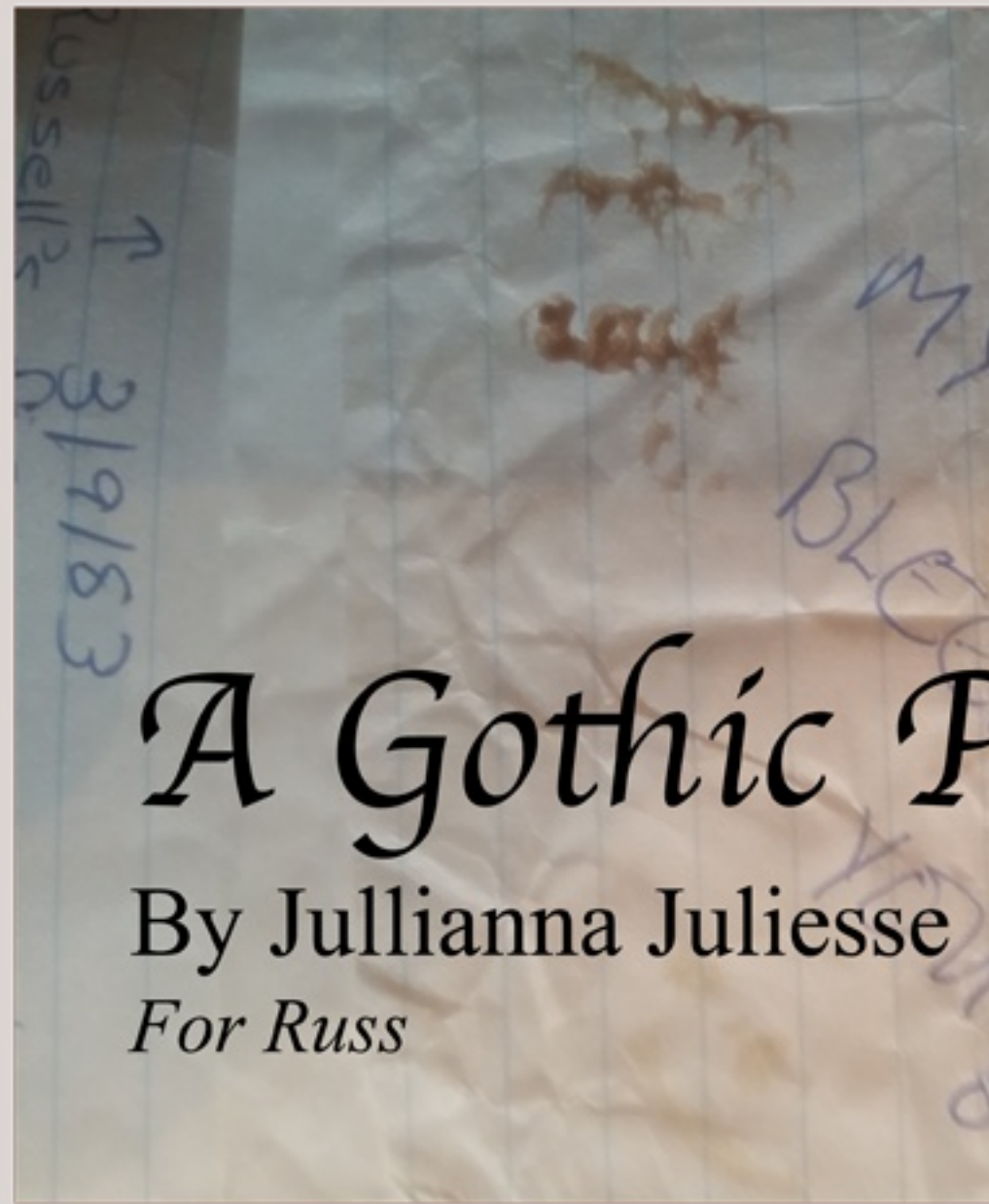
By an insecure now ex-husband.

I still know it was your book.

*If I look closely, and turn the
book just so to the light,*

*I still see your imprint in the
cardboard,*

Just not your writing, or your



A Gothic Poem

*By Jullianna Juliesse
For Russ*

name.

*He made me cut your image from
every photo in my albums,*

A Gothic Poem by Jullianna Juliesse

Goaded and dared me.

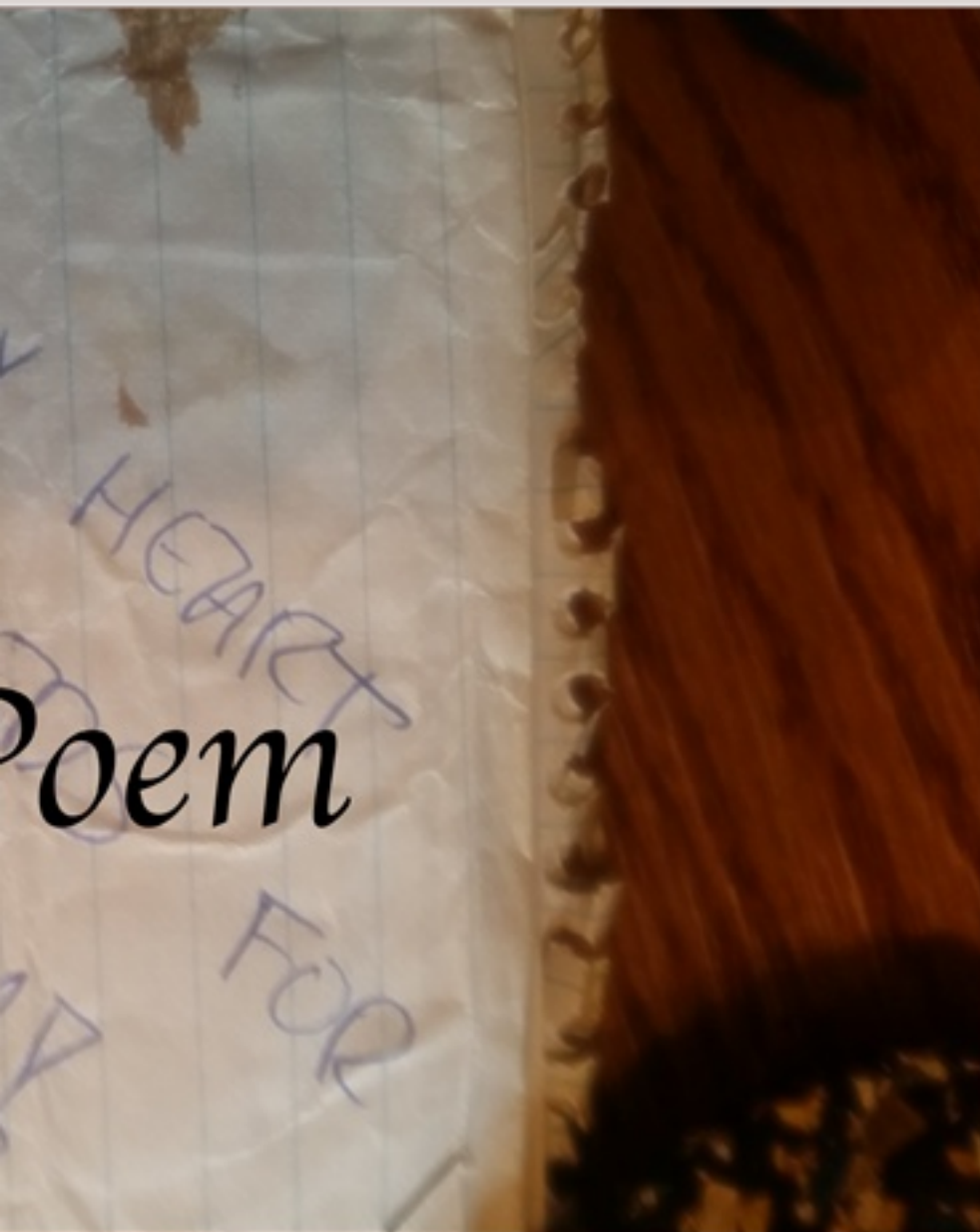
You have not forgotten him.

If you love me, you will do this.

*As if slicing you from the sorority
formal picture*

Would dim my smile

Or make me forget.



It didn't.

*I still smile, just with a hole to
the left of my head,*

*And your arm still curled round
the shoulder of my pale blue
dress.*

*But a hundred tiny heads were
thrown in with the cat litter,*

*And tossed down the trash chute
of my first apartment.*

I still see your face.

What he didn't know is this.

*You and I were studying for
exams in the library—*

*1983, I think, and you got a
paper cut.*

*I'd like to think it was from the
Shakespeare, but I don't recall.*

*You smeared the blood on a
sheet in my spiral bound
notebook,*

*And wrote, "My heart bleeds for
you, Susan."*

I guess I saved it,

*Because I just found it buried in
my steamer trunk after all these
years.*

You are dead now,

*But I do still have a piece of
you—*

Your DNA.



The March

by Merope

You mark your pace to a solemn step, the mourning decline of massive glaciers that shaped this verdant valley.

In file this slow march, set to Mozart's tearful requiem; a glorious melody of endurance and continuity

From east on the prairies you rise in file, upward ever upward. Thrusting your shield into the sky

n of Giants

pe Madrigal

you guard this soul
from the sun's burning
gaze but failing, your tears
stream over the planet's cheeks

as our light dims and ancient
folds in the firmament show.
Exposed and seeming to rise
the spires but show that sadly,

the blanket of ice quickly
shrinks to moonscape,
old growth forests burn to ash,
and the prairie dusts to desert.

Friday

Tonight's Theme:

?

with
DJ Gray
and Jami

Night

Howelsen
75, 234, 1545

9-11 SLT

Live

.r — e — z .

.r — e — z .

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Errata

In last month's issue, the poem Four Candles was incorrectly attributed to Pepper Chaffe. While Pepper brought this beautiful poem to our attention, she did not write it. The actual poet is unknown. Our apologies for the error.

Publisher

Jami Mills

Senior Editor

Friday Blaisdale

Art Director

Jami Mills

Writers

Barbie Starr

Art Blue

Persephone Phoenix

Cat Boccaccio

Jullianna Juliesse

Merope Madrigal

Consuela Hypatia Caldwell

Poetry Editors

Mariner Trilling

Jullianna Juliesse

Copy Editors

Friday Blaisdale

Jami Mills

Graphics Editors

Jami Mills

Cat Boccaccio

Photographer

Jami Mills

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